

I Want You To Show Me by v_writings

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Happy Ending, Steve still has some things to work out though

Language: English

Characters: Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Original Female Character(s), Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-06

Updated: 2017-11-06

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:41:00

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 9,782

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve finds you in your secret place after dropping Dustin off at the Snow Ball, and talking about how he's feeling leads you to do something neither of you could have expected.

I Want You To Show Me

Hawkins is a small town, small enough that it's not easy to find good places where you can relax and be completely by yourself, especially when the weather is warm and everyone wants to be outside.

When you were a kid, there was a campsite that you and your family frequented during summers; a beautiful place with picnic tables right in front of the lake. Everyone knew there was no other like it to spend some time enjoying the wonders of nature— even if it was definitely going to be surrounded by a dozen other families who all had the same idea.

You never minded sharing this place when you were camping, but when you got old enough you learned that if you came here when it was cold, it would be *desolated*.

In the summer this place belongs to everyone— but during winter, it's *yours*.

When it's as cold out as tonight, everyone prefers to stay warm inside their homes instead of being out in the open— which is precisely what makes this so perfect. Once again you get this beautiful place all to yourself, without anyone else bothering you.

And if anyone were to bother you, you know how to use your pocket knife.

You take a long sip of your coffee and close your eyes, enjoying how the warmth spreads all over your chest as it goes down. It's definitely not the coldest night of the year but it's enough to make you wrap your warm blanket a little tighter around your shoulders, and you're enjoying every second of it.

It's incredibly relaxing to come here at night and sit on one of the picnic tables while you watch the stars, drinking the coffee you brought on your thermos with only the sounds of the breeze and the insects and the engine of a car—

Wait.

You turn around abruptly, trying to find who *dared* to come here and interrupt your peaceful alone time. You squint your eyes at the bright light of the car coming directly towards you, but it isn't until the person inside turns the engine off that you realize who is behind the wheel.

"Steve?" You murmur to yourself, eyebrows arched in surprise. You definitely don't think of him as the kind of guy who'd enjoy coming to a place like this at night to be by himself.

It takes him a moment to get out of the car, and when he finally does he looks... *sheepish*?

What is going on with him?

"Hi." He says from his place right next to his car, unmoving.

"Uh, hi." You greet back, knowing very well that confusion is *written* on your face.

"Can I- uh- do you mind if I... sit with you?" He scratches the back of his neck self-consciously and you wonder if you're looking at an alien who looks like Steve instead of the *real* him, because this is the first time you've seen him act like this.

Even if you haven't actually talked in years and you know that Billy dethroned him as the "king" of the school, this is not the kind of behavior you would *ever* associate with Steve Harrington. It just isn't.

"Uhh, yeah." You say, grabbing your thermos and moving a little to the side to make room for him. You follow his movements until he sits next to you, and once he's settled the situation turns incredibly awkward in a matter of seconds. He looks tense and nervous and you have no idea what's happening, so there isn't a lot you can do to change the uncomfortable atmosphere he created. "You want some coffee?" You finally ask, desperate to break the silence. He looks surprised when he turns to you, and you show him the thermos as if to explain what you just offered to him.

Why did he have to come here?

"Sure, thanks." He says with a small smile, taking the empty cup

from your hand. You pour him the last of your coffee and leave the empty thermos on the seat of the table, by your feet. "It's really good." He says after the first sip, and you only manage to give him a strained smile and nod in response.

"So..." You say as he continues drinking the coffee. "What brings you here?"

"I don't know... I guess I just needed a place to think." He traces his thumb over the edge of the cup absentmindedly, looking like his mind is miles away.

"Really? Do you come here often?" You ask, surprised that someone besides you considered this place a good spot to unplug from the rest of the world during a night like this.

"This is the first time I come, actually." He says, looking at you only a second before finishing his coffee. "I just dropped Dustin off at the Snow Ball and I needed to get away and I—" He lets out a noise that sounds like something between a scoff and a laugh. "I actually was remembering about that Snow Ball when you were my date and I remembered that you had told me that sometimes you came here with your family and that it was quiet this time of the year and—" He runs his fingers through his hair and then lets out a deep breath, handing you the cup back. "I don't even know why I remembered it."

"I did?" You ask, wracking your brain trying to find the memory of you telling someone about this place who was supposed to be your secret, but you come up empty.

If you told him about that, you probably liked him a lot more than you remember— and you remember you liked him *a lot*.

"Yeah..." You see a small smile lifting up the corners of his mouth. "Not too long before you kissed me." He looks at you, and you're pretty sure the reddening of his cheeks has nothing to do with the crisp air. "It was my first kiss, you know." You smile and roll your eyes, nodding.

"I do. It was mine, too." You bump his shoulder with yours. "It was a good first kiss, Harrington."

"It was a *great* first kiss." He corrects, and you shake your head playfully when he smiles.

"So..." You begin, waiting for a moment to see if he wants to say something. He doesn't. "Do you wanna talk or—"

"No... no—" He laughs nervously, shaking his head in denial. "I don't—" He stays silent for long enough that you start considering leaving him alone here, but before you can decide to do anything he speaks again. "Do you think Nancy and I made a good couple?" He blurts out, looking at you questioningly.

"Uhhh, what?" You respond, trying to understand where the hell that came from.

"We were together for over a year and you've known us since we were kids so... do you think we were good together?"

"I—"

"Because *I* thought we were *great* together." He interrupts, not even paying attention to you anymore. "I thought I actually had a future with her." He runs his fingers through his hair in frustration. "But it turns out, she was only pretending to be in love with me." He sighs and shakes his head. "For a year. A year of pretending to be in love with me while I actually fell more and more in love with her."

"Well, I—"

"But I've been thinking about this since the Halloween party, you know? And now I feel like I don't know anything and that I'm alone and if Nancy pretended to love me for so long and I actually believed it, how can I tell if someone really loves me? What if everyone's been pretending and I just— I just believed them? What if I can't be loved?" He turns to look at you with eyes shining with unshed tears, and you try not to panic.

Sure, you've known Steve since you were in kindergarten and he was your first love, but after he was your date for the Snow Ball when you were like 13 years old and he completely ignored you afterwards, you stopped wasting your time on him.

“Steve, it’s going to be okay.” You say in the most soothing voice you can muster at the moment. He looks at you expectantly, like he wants you to say more, but you were kind of expecting that to be enough. Apparently not. “Is this the first time a girl breaks your heart?” He looks surprised at the question, and swallows visibly before blushing.

“It’s not the *first* time, but this time it feels more... real. It feels bigger.” You nod, trying to find something to say that will actually help him.

“You know a year ago, when I was dating–”

“That dumbass?” Steve interrupts, smiling softly before sniffing.

“He was not a dumbass, Steve, goddammit.” You say through gritted teeth, shaking your head.

“I’m just saying, after what he did–” You scoff and glare at him, and he shuts up, lifting his hands up in surrender.

“He broke up with me because he was going to college and he didn’t feel the same way about me as he did when we first started dating. And he was completely honest about it.”

“That’s what I’m saying– he’s a dumba–”

“Steve, *Jesus!*” You scream, already stressed out because of him. “He’s *not* a dumbass. He didn’t feel the same way about me anymore and he told me and he broke up with me and yes, it fucking broke my heart because I still loved him, but I got over it.” You take a deep breath. “The point is that it might seem like the world just ended but I promise it gets better. You will heal. It’s life– sometimes you’re lucky enough that the people you like like you back, and sometimes you’re not. I know this is hard for you to understand, but sometimes there will be girls who won’t like you.” He smiles at that, and you smile back.

“I know that, I learned it a long time ago.” You frown and look at him with a questioning expression. “With you. You were the first girl that broke my heart.”

There are a couple of things Steve learned when he was young from his father that he's never forgotten— advice that he still uses today in his day to day life. One of them is to always have condoms with you, and the other is that to get a girl, you *always* have to pretend that you don't care about what she does. In the end, she will come to you, desperate for attention.

His father told him the latter the night he dropped him off at the first Snow Ball he attended— around five years ago— and it's something he's never forgotten. Sure, there are exceptions like Nancy who actually needed him to show her he cared or else she would've never realized he was interested— but other than her it's always worked like a charm.

Well, except for the first time he tried to put it to use.

He remembers thinking you were the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, and how he told you so. You had looked bashful but pleased at his words, and for the rest of the night he'd forgotten about what his dad had said. You even kissed him on the lips during a slow song and it was the greatest first kiss ever— so he didn't have to think about anything else for the rest of the night.

The problems started the next week.

When Steve told his dad about the kiss, he had told him that he was proud of him, and Steve had felt over the moon at the praise. But then he repeated that Steve had to act like it was no big deal and like he didn't really care about it, because that way you were going to try to get his attention by any means possible and he would be completely in control of the situation.

But that's not what happened.

You found him in his locker and told him about how much fun you'd had at the Snow Ball, and he'd replied that sure, it had been *okay*.

It had been more than okay— it had been the best night of his life— but his dad told him you couldn't know that. If you knew how much he liked you that was going to give you power over him, and that was never, *ever* okay.

So he just left you standing by his locker and went to class with his friends, certain that his dad's advice was going to work wonderfully. You didn't speak to him again for the rest of the day, which worried him a little, but the next day you sat at lunch with him and Steve just *knew* his dad was right. He had to keep doing what he told him.

You had tried to talk to him about different subjects, but he gave you short, uninterested answers. The next day, Steve was sure you were both ready to become boyfriend and girlfriend.

And then, you ignored him.

And the next day, you ignored him *again*.

And the next day after that one, and the entire week after that, you kept ignoring him.

He waited for you to come "crawling back to him" as his father had put it the first time he told him what you were doing, but that didn't happen. And when Steve cried to his mom one night after he saw you kissing another boy, his father told him to man up and that you just weren't worth it– but he didn't say anything about his advice being less than perfect.

Even though Steve had figured you didn't give a damn about him years ago it bothers him a little that you seem clueless about what he's talking about right now.

"Uhhh... what?" You ask, looking at him like he just grew another head. "How did I– when– *what?*"

"You completely ignored me and then you went and kissed that– that– that shithead!" Your eyes widen and you look at him with a flabbergasted expression, looking like you're at loss of words.

"Are you fucking serious?" You deadpan, staring at him in disbelief.

"Yes, I am. I thought you liked me after the Snow Ball and then–"

"*Are you fucking serious?*" You repeat, this time a little louder and in a harder tone. Steve just nods, but your reaction is making him a little bit nervous. "Wow. You *are* a fucking asshole." You grab your

thermos and get down from the table, pulling the blanket off of your shoulders as you walk away from him towards your car.

He just stares at your back for a moment, not knowing what's going on. Then he does the same thing and gets down from the table, sprinting towards you to catch up.

"Hey, where are you going?" He yells, getting to you before you can get inside your car.

"I'm going home, Steve. You ruined my night."

"Oh, so *you* are mad because I said you broke my heart?" He asks, letting out a dry laugh.

"I broke *your* heart? Seriously?" You bite your lip and shake your head, and he knows you're furious but he doesn't know why. "You know, I was so happy after the Snow Ball. When I got home I told my mom everything about it and I was so excited to see you the next Monday at school because I was sure you had enjoyed being with me as well."

"I did!" Steve blurts out, not knowing where you're going with this.

"Did you, really? Because all I can remember is how you seemed like you didn't care at all when I talked to you. Like our kiss and our night didn't matter at all." You sigh and shake your head. "And I thought, it's okay, maybe he had a bad day– but then you talked to everyone else like nothing was wrong, so I waited until the next day and sat with you at lunch and you did the exact same thing. And I knew you didn't care about me, or our kiss, or anything. I didn't know why you had asked me to go with you– maybe just to see what it would be like? I don't know, but I knew I wasn't going to waste my time with someone who didn't care about me."

He doesn't know exactly how or when it happens, but all of a sudden Steve is no longer in the campsite and instead is in his father's office and he's seeing himself as a 13 year old, and his father is there giving him what now seems like the worst advice in the world.

"Just show her you don't care, son." His father says, and older Steve

shakes his head vehemently.

“Don’t listen to him.” But of course, the memory of himself doesn’t hear him.

“Women are like that, if you let her know how much you like her she’ll end up doing what she wants with you, and you need to be the one control, got it? Always.”

“No, no, you don’t. That’s bullshit!” He screams at the memory of his father. “That’s fucking bullshit!”

“Steve!” He gasps when your face is suddenly in front of him, and he realizes you’re a lot closer than you were before. And not only that—your hands are on his cheeks and your thumbs are rubbing the skin underneath his eyes. “Are you okay?”

No, he’s not.

You left Steve sitting back at the table while you went back to your car to get the blanket and a bottle of water, and when you came back he was sitting just as you left him. You were mad at him for how he tried to blame you for what had happened between you two, sure, but now you’re only worried because you have *no idea* what happened to him.

One second you were talking and then he just went dead serious and stopped responding, and he just stood still for a moment before his eyes filled with tears and he started crying. But it wasn’t like he was sobbing— it was like the tears started to fall because his eyes just couldn’t hold them anymore.

You panicked when he remained unresponsive, so you grabbed his face and tried one more time to call his name and thankfully, he came back to himself. He’d just stared at you while you tried to dry his tears, so you’d asked if he wanted to sit down again. He only nodded so you led him there, and now you see that he hasn’t moved an inch.

“Steve?” You cautiously ask, approaching him slowly. He turns to

look at you with puffy, questioning eyes so you hand him the water bottle. "Here."

He accepts it and opens it before swallowing down almost half of it, and you just stare at him clutching the blanket in your hands, not knowing what else to do.

"I'm so stupid." He mumbles under his breath as he closes the water bottle, before wiping his mouth with his hand. "I'm sorry, I—" He shakes his head, running his fingers through his hair in clear frustration. He's been doing that a lot. "My dad— he gave me this, uh, *solid* piece of advice the night of the Snow Ball." His tone seems sarcastic, but you're not completely sure that's the case. "He told me that, um, if you act like you don't care, then girls will be even more interested in you."

"*What?*" You nearly shriek, looking at him with wide eyes. "That's the biggest load of bullshit I've ever heard."

"Well it's worked for me, alright? Not with *you*, clearly, but it's worked with everyone else."

"Oh, really? Did it work with Nancy?" You ask sarcastically, knowing very well he couldn't have possibly used that approach with her.

"No, shut up. Nancy's different." He answers defensively, shaking his head.

"Is she? Because as far as I know, Nancy's been your only solid girlfriend. So maybe when it comes to actually liking someone for real, no one wants to be with a guy who doesn't care." You sigh and move to sit next to him. "Tell me, how many of the other girls that you've been with were actually sad when it didn't work out? And I don't mean like that time you got called an asshole in front of everyone in the cafeteria, I mean *actually* sad. Like *you* were when Nancy told you she didn't love you." For a moment, Steve looks ready to answer, but then it seems like he decides against it and closes his mouth, looking thoughtful.

"I— I don't know." He finally answers, frowning slightly.

“Exactly.” You take a deep breath. “Look, Steve, that whole thing you did, about acting like you don’t care– sure, it got girls interested and it made them want you to pay attention to them, but that gets old *really* fast. That’s why you never had anything serious with them, because the most basic thing about being in a relationship with someone is them caring about you. If you can’t offer that, then why bother?” He looks at you with an unreadable expression, and you look down to the blanket in your hands.

“I– I’m sorry. For what I did when we were younger.” He finally says, and you shrug your shoulders.

“Don’t worry, it’s been a long time. It’s water under the bridge.” He nods and stares forward, at the lake in front of him.

“Fuck– *Dustin*.” He groans all of a sudden, burying his face on his hands.

“Huh?”

“I might have shared that advice with Dustin and convinced him that acting like you don’t care is the best thing to do.” You glare at him and he lifts his hands up apologetically. “I’m sorry! I’m realizing a lot of things tonight. I *actually* thought I was giving him good advice, and I was hurt and– ”

“For the love of god–” You mumble under your breath.

“– he was telling me about this girl he started to like and then it turns out his friend also likes her and she’s spending time with both of them–”

“And you told him to act like he doesn’t care? And he’s going to do as you said?” He nods. “I cannot believe you gave this piece of shit that you call advice to a child! Jesus Christ, Steve!”

“Don’t kick me while I’m down! I said I was sorry!” He yells, looking at you accusingly. “Okay? My dad isn’t around a lot and when he talked, *I listened*. I thought he was right, and he wasn’t. *I get it*.” He looks frustrated and angry, and his hair is kind of a mess from running his fingers through it so much.

“Okay, okay.” You say, letting out a sigh. “Steve?” You ask in a calm voice a moment later, barely turning to look at him.

“What?” His tone is still a little harsh, but he sighs and shakes his head. “Sorry. What?” He asks in a gentler tone.

“What happened just now? When you went still and– you know– you were crying and stuff–”

“Just– forget it. I’m fine.” He gives you the weakest reassuring smile you’ve ever seen, and you debate on whether you should press him a little or just leave him be.

You think that the fact that he joined you and already said things about his relationship with Nancy might be an indicator that he *wants* to talk, but maybe he just doesn’t fully know how to. It wouldn’t surprise you.

“You can talk to me if you need to, Steve. It’s okay.” He looks at you for a moment before looking back at the lake, and your attention shifts towards his fidgeting hands.

He’s nervous.

“Um... you wanna know how Nancy told me she didn’t love me?” He doesn’t give you time to answer. “It was at the Halloween party, after I made her spill her drink on her shirt. I don’t know if you noticed that–” He looks at you and you nod, but stay silent. You were there and you saw that happen, and you saw him following her and then leaving the party. “Okay so, she was upset about you know, Barb being– uh– missing and everything... and she was drunk and she just said that we we’re acting *like* we were in love, and that we were bullshit.” He snuffles and you notice his eyes are shining with new tears. “And these past few weeks I’ve been looking at her and I just saw her at the Snow Ball and she looks so– so *happy*, you know? Which is great, because I don’t want her to be sad but at the same time it’s like for her our breakup meant that she was free from pretending, but I– ” He shakes his head and quickly dries a tear that wanted to roll down his cheek. “I don’t know, I’m just being stupid.” He tries to laugh it off but more tears start falling, so he just covers his eyes and tries to control them as best as possible.

You want to hug him but you're not sure if he would be okay with it, so you stay in your place feeling an enormous pressure building on your chest.

"Steve, you're not being stupid. It just– this whole thing caught you by surprise, okay? What you're feeling right now is completely understandable."

"You think so?" He asks, looking at you with an unsure expression.

"I *know* so." You smile and he smiles back, and you feel the pressure in your chest starting to disappear.

"And it's not like– like I want us to be back together, you know? Not anymore, at least. I don't want to be with someone who doesn't love me, but... it still hurts, and I just– I don't know how to make it stop."

"You need *time*." You say. "And talking about it with someone always helps." He smiles at that. "I mean it. It might take some time but *you will* get over it. I *promise*." You move to grab his hand and realize it's freezing, so you gasp and let go. "Wait, are you cold?" You look at him and notice that his body is trembling slightly, and only now you realize that he only seems to be wearing a sweater. "Oh God, come here." You unfold the blanket and throw it over both of your shoulders, wrapping you both in it in a way that forces you to be pressed shoulder to shoulder. "Why didn't you tell me you were so cold? Give me your hands." You grab them underneath the blanket and shove them together inside your jacket pocket, because you had your hand there until just now and you know it's warm.

"I– um–" You turn your face towards his and realize he's a lot closer than you thought, so close that you actually feel his warm breath on your face. "Thank you." His eyes are locked on yours, and you become *a lot* more aware of him.

"Steve..." You whisper when you catch him staring at your lips before licking his own.

Oh no– he cannot be even *considering* kissing you, because that would be the worst thing that could happen. You might be literally two inches away from being used by Steve Harrington because he's hurt

about his ex-girlfriend breaking up with him.

“I—” He says, and you realize that really slowly, he’s closing the distance between your mouths.

No. Not like this. You’d be lying to yourself if you said you didn’t want to kiss him, but *never* like this. Not when all he wants is an escape from his pain, not when he decided to do this because he wants to momentarily forget the girl he loves. You want him to kiss you because he *likes you*.

“I’m not a band aid, Steve.” You say, turning your face forward and leaving him looking at your cheek.

“What?” He asks breathlessly, moving his head back a little. “What does that mean?”

“I’m not going to let you use me because you want to forget about Nancy for five minutes. I’m not a band aid for your broken heart.” It’s really hard to remain calm right now, considering that he was incredibly close to you and was very willing to kiss you just a moment ago.

Even though you spent most of your High School years not wanting to have anything to do with Steve because he became a huge asshole, in the past year something changed. You know that it has to do with him dating Nancy and not being friends with Carol and Tommy anymore, and even though you don’t know *exactly* what made him become a much better person you’re thankful for it.

But there’s also a problem with him turning into a sweet, kind, loving person: your crush came back, and *stronger*. This doesn’t feel like a childhood crush because you’re not kids anymore, and that only makes it worse.

Steve has always been your greatest *what if*, and until a year ago that didn’t bother you at all. You were happy with his status as a mere ‘what if’ in your life; you *wanted* him to remain like that. But then he just had to go and start being so nice and polite and so... *soft*, and you couldn’t help yourself; you started liking him again.

Which is why you can't let him have what he wants, because once he's done with you you'll feel empty and discarded. So, the only thing you can do is say no to him— no matter how much you wish you could say yes.

After he started going steady with Nancy, Steve also started to pay less and less attention to a lot of the advice his father had given him. It didn't make sense with her— she was just not like other girls Steve had ever been with.

But then she told him that she never loved him, and he started questioning himself and thinking that maybe if he *had* followed his father's advice, things with Nancy would've been different. *Maybe* she wouldn't have had the chance to break his heart in the way she did.

The night of the party, after making sure Jonathan was getting Nancy home safe, Steve went back to his house and locked himself in the bathroom. The memories of what happened after the party are kind of a blur, actually, and it's not because he had too much to drink.

What he remembers most clearly is sitting on the closed toilet with his face buried in his hands, and then seeing himself in the mirror and *hating* how red and puffy his eyes were.

He also remembers taking his clothes off like couldn't get them away from him fast enough, and hating his costume and everything it was going to remind him of for the rest of his life. The last thing he remembers after that is seeing the huge wet spot on his pillow right after falling asleep with his cheeks still damp from his tears.

He *knows* Nancy doesn't want to be with him and he's come to terms with it— sort of— but the one thing he can't shake off is the fact that she pretended *for a year* that she loved him. At first it hurt to think about her not loving him, but now that a month has passed Steve also can't help but resent her for not leaving him sooner if she knew she wasn't in love with him.

Why let him fall in love with her when she knew she was never going to reciprocate those feelings?

Also, now that a few weeks have passed, Steve has been thinking nonstop about signals he could've seen sooner– something that would've let him know things weren't what he thought.

He found a considerable amount– some bigger than others– but right at this moment he can only think of two.

One, that he and Nancy hadn't shared a kiss that wasn't more than a peck on the lips in weeks; and two, that he and Nancy hadn't been intimate in months.

And not only when it came to sex, but also when it came to Nancy wanting to be around him and just be close to each other and *really talk*. He missed the emotional intimacy he only got a chance to experience when dating her– something he genuinely believed was lost forever when she left him.

But now you're here next to him, asking him about how he feels and telling him he can *talk* to you, and when you noticed he was cold you got worried immediately, and then you grabbed his hands and shoved them in your pocket to make sure they would be warm– *who does that?*– and Steve feels overwhelmed by the fact that someone cares about him again but it's not only someone– it's *you* and you were his first love and he never, *ever* forgot about that.

"You're *not* a band aid." He whispers, voice thick with emotion. You turn to him with a confused expression and he involuntarily leans closer. "You're not." You glance down at his lips and Steve's heart skips a beat when he realizes what that means.

"No, this is wrong– you're hurting because of Nancy and– "

"I am." He confirms, not moving back an inch. "But that's *not* why I want to kiss you right now." He still has his hands inside your pocket and he feels them getting sweaty– and it's definitely not just because they got warm. It's because you just leaned a little closer to him.

"Then why?" You ask in a whisper, swallowing visibly. When Steve meets your eyes he feels like everything around you both suddenly disappeared, like everything but you two stopped existing in the universe.

It's been a *very* long time since he felt that way.

"Because—" His voice breaks a little so he coughs to try and make it sound a little steadier. "Because I really like how you make me feel." Your eyes never look away from his, but he sees you licking your lips after he says that. "Because I haven't felt like I feel right now in a long time and I just realized that. Because—" Steve had a few other things to say, but the fact that your lips are on his makes it impossible to keep talking.

He doesn't react at first— you're simply pressing your closed lips against his while he goes completely still— but when your hand moves to his hair and grabs a fistful of it his mouth opens in a gasp, and that's when the kiss turns into something else entirely.

You still have the blanket wrapped around you both which makes things a little harder, but somehow Steve finds a way to pull you on top of him so you're straddling his lap without breaking the kiss, while also keeping the blanket around you both.

Steve's mind right now feels like an explosion of colors and sensations and a lot of things he wouldn't be able to put into words if he had to— because he's pretty sure he's never actually felt anything like this when kissing someone for the first time, even if it's not really the *first* time you're kissing each other. But *that* was definitely *not* like *this*. Your first kiss was innocent and you were both nervous, and you couldn't stop giggling afterwards.

Now, however, Steve feels like he just can't get enough of you— like he can *try* to pull you closer to him than you already are even if it's impossible, but it will still feel like he needs you to be *even closer*; like you could kiss him forever and he would still want you to kiss him for *longer than that*.

He can't stop the heavy moan that escapes his mouth when you grind on him and pull on his hair *at the same time*, and he feels you grinning against his mouth at his reaction. You pull on his hair again but this time it's a little harder, and Steve just whimpers and throws his head back, exposing his neck to you. You start kissing him there immediately while grinding on him and moving your fingers on his hair, and Steve is almost *seeing stars*. His hands are gripping the fabric

of your jacket so tightly that his fingers hurt, but he doesn't have the energy to focus on that right now.

He can only focus on the fact that you're suddenly kissing him again and he hasn't felt so *wanted* in such a long time that he forgot it was even *possible* to feel like this, and he wants more of it– he wants more of *you*.

That's why can't stop himself, he can't control the reaction his body has to you, and when you suddenly pull away from him and look down at his crotch and then back at him with raised eyebrows, he knows you're *very* aware of that.

"Steve?" You ask, stopping your movements altogether.

"Are you mad?" He asks self-consciously, feeling incredibly bare and vulnerable in front of you. You smile softly at him and shake your head before resting your forehead against his, and he sighs in relief.

"I'm not mad—" You say with closed eyes, scratching his scalp in an incredibly soothing manner that makes him want to hug you, *so he does*. He wraps his arms around your back and closes his eyes too, focusing on how nice you smell tonight. "I'm just worried."

"About what?" He asks in a whisper, right before pressing a tiny kiss on your slightly parted lips.

"About... going further than this." When he opens his eyes again he finds you already looking at him, and he can *see* the worry written all over your face. "About you not really being *ready* to go further than this."

"[Y/N]..." You move your hands to his cheeks and press your forehead closer to his, and he can feel your frown on his own skin.

"Steve, you were *crying* about Nancy *a moment* ago." You pull back, but don't let go of his face. "I *like* you, Steve. I've liked you for a while now. That's why I don't want this to be a mistake." Steve's heartbeat speeds up at your confession, and he knows that for you to really understand that *he truly wants this* he's going to bring up something he's had buried inside of him for a *very* long time.

“Did you ever like someone else when you had a boyfriend?” He asks, fully knowing that he’s going to confuse the hell out of you with this question.

“What?”

“You know, like... feeling attracted to another guy who wasn’t your boyfriend but it didn’t really matter because you loved your boyfriend and you wouldn’t have gone for someone else.” He wishes he could express himself better, but he hasn’t talked to anyone about this *ever*, and he definitely wasn’t expecting to tell *you* about it tonight.

“Uhhh, yeah. Maybe. Why?”

“For me, that person was *you*. Every time I was seeing a girl, that was *always* you. And it made me angry, you know? Because until tonight, I’d always thought you never really liked me, but I just couldn’t shake you off from my life completely. I *never* could, no matter how much I tried.”

“Steve—” You breathe out, mouth parted in surprise. “Are you serious?”

“Yes.” Steve replies immediately, and turns his head slightly to the side so he can kiss your palm. “I even made this... *promise* to myself that I was never going to try to be with you again. Because you broke my heart.” He laughs humorlessly. “But as it turns out, it was all *my* fault.”

“Wow, I really had no idea.” You say, looking astounded.

“Of course not, you couldn’t have.” He takes a deep breath and prepares himself for the hardest part, because if he doesn’t say this right it might mean that you refuse to be with him completely. “And yes— it really hurts that Nancy was pretending to love me for a year and was in love with her and I’m *not* over it yet but that doesn’t mean that I want to get back together with her, because I *don’t*. Not anymore. And I *really* want you right now, and I just—” You pull his head towards you and join your lips again, and Steve damn near melts at how sweetly you kiss him this time.

“Your car or mine?” You ask when you pull away, barely holding back a smile.

“*What?*” He asks, unable to keep his hopefulness from his voice.

“*Your car, or mine?*” You repeat, laughing when a grin takes over his face before he can even think about answering your question.

“Whatever you want.”

He lets out a shuddering breath before kissing you briefly, and you smile before pulling away from him completely. You take the blanket off of you and climb off his lap, but Steve just remains sitting there looking at you with an awed expression. He can’t believe this is actually going to happen, right here, right *now*.

“Move your ass, Harrington.” You tease, grabbing his hand and pulling him with you. He just lets you lead him towards his car, nearly trembling with anticipation.

When he opens the backseat door, it surprises him a little that you push him to go inside first, and once he’s seated you manage to close the door while climbing into his lap.

“Hi.” You say, moving your hands to his hair again. He smiles and relaxes against the seat, wrapping his arms loosely around your back.

“Hi.” He says, closing his eyes involuntarily when you scratch his scalp with your nails. He *loves it* when girls run their fingers through his hair, but this time it feels better than any other; because it’s more intimate, perhaps.

You rest your forehead against his and he rubs your nose with his before you start kissing again, and even though this time it’s slower than before his desire and need for you haven’t diminished even a little.

When you start grinding yourself on him again, Steve feels like what runs through his veins it’s lava instead of blood, and when you start taking your jacket off he finally realizes completely that this is really happening– you’re going to have sex with him.

When Steve kisses your neck and slides his hands underneath your clothes so he can touch your skin directly you can't help but tighten the hold you have on his hair, and once again he moans rather loudly when you do it. You love that— knowing that there's something he enjoys so much that he will vocally show it to you every single time you do it.

Logically, you should feel like everything is perfect right now; Steve is kissing your neck and you can *feel* how much he wants you pressing against your ass, but you simply can't stop the insecurities about what you're going to do creeping up on you again.

Does he really want this? He said that he did and you believed him, but what if that's his vulnerability talking and you end up taking advantage of his current state? What if *you* enjoy it but he feels empty and regrets it when you're done?

When Steve pulls away from you and looks at you with a frown, you realize that somehow he noticed what's going on.

"I'm sorry, I—" You say, letting out a sigh before shaking your head. "I have to ask again, are you really sure you want to do this? You know that it's okay if we don't do anything, right?"

"[Y/N], I don't—" He bites his lip and looks like he's struggling to find words. "I don't want this to just— to start and end tonight. I— I really like you too and I want to keep seeing you after this." He looks at you directly in the eyes while he speaks, and you damn near stop breathing. You hadn't thought about what was going to happen after tonight, but you definitely want to keep this *thing* going in the future as well. "If you don't want to be with me right now that's fine, but *I swear* I need you so bad—" You don't know how many times you interrupted him mid-ramble with a kiss already, but you just can't stop yourself.

He looks adorable when he's nervous and needy, and you'd be lying if you said you don't want to be with him as much as he seems to want to be with you. You're only human, and when Steve Harrington is hard and throbbing underneath you telling you that he needs you, you damn well know that there's no turning back.

You're going to fuck his brains out.

Steve can feel the gooseflesh on your thighs as he runs his fingers over the bare skin of your legs before finally taking a hold of your hips, but that's not something he can focus on right now. All he can focus on is the fact that you decided that it was a good time to tease him by just rubbing yourself on him while pulling on his hair, and he has to summon all his inner strength to make sure he doesn't come before he's inside you.

It's *really hard* not to.

"Don't come yet." You warn him *again* in a whisper, nibbling on his earlobe. He whimpers and shakes his head, burying his face on your shoulder as you continue your movements. It doesn't help that you're enjoying this tremendously and aren't keeping quiet about it, because the sound of your moans in sync with his own could easily be enough to push him over the edge.

It would be one thing if you were someone else and he had to take the lead as usual, because he's used to do that. He's used to be the one who takes care of the person he's with, who make sure they feel good and in return he feels good as well. But you've never been like that— you've never been the type of person who waits for others to take the lead and then follows; no, you've always been the one who takes the lead herself, and that's exactly what you're doing right now.

Steve is very far from being a virgin, but even during his first time he's always been put in the position of being the one who takes care of the other person, who makes sure they feel comfortable and safe during their time together. He's just never known anything else, and if he had to experience this with someone else, he probably wouldn't know what to do.

But this is not someone else, this is *you*, and he's comfortable letting you do anything because he *trusts you*, and he knows you want to take care of him— and he wants you to.

He wants you to keep overwhelming him, to keep making him feel like there's nothing he can do and that it's okay, because you know

exactly what you both need and he can be sure that you'll make this as enjoyable as possible.

"You okay?" You ask, kissing him sloppily before pulling back to let him reply.

"Yes." He breathes out, nearly panting. "Just— *God*, can you fuck me already?" You laugh at his words and he does too, because your laugh is contagious and he's close to coming even though he knows *he can't*, and *fuck* it if this isn't already better than any other experience he's ever had.

"Okay." You say, reaching between your bodies to grab a hold of his hard dick, and just the feeling of your fingers around it makes him whimper and tense up. "You're cute when you're desperate." You tease, and Steve only manages to narrow his eyes half-heartedly at you before you're sinking down on him, and his face morphs completely. He has no idea what he looks like and he doesn't care, but his eyes and mouth are open wide as a throaty groan escapes his lips. "*Jesus Christ!*" He moans, throwing his head back in pleasure.

"You can call me [Y/N]." You joke before taking deep breaths, and Steve grabs your hips firmly to keep you in place when he's balls deep inside of you.

"Don't move, please." He begs, trying to get a hold of himself. If you start moving right now he's going to come in seconds without a doubt, and he *can't* do that to you. He just can't.

"Okay." You nod, moving forward to press a soft kiss on his lips. "Tell me when you're ready." Steve nods and wraps his arms around you to bring you closer to him, and when your chests are pressed tightly together he just buries his nose on your neck and takes deep breaths. You start scratching his scalp again, and his eyes widen in horror. "No, no, no, no—" He whimpers, shaking his head. "Don't touch my hair right now, just—" You stop your movements and he takes a deep breath, trying to calm down. You wrap your arms around his neck instead, and a moment later he feels a kiss at the top of his head.

That's when he knows he's ready.

“You can move now.” He confirms with a nod, moving his head up to kiss you. “Can you just– go slow? Please?” He’s talking without breaking the kiss, so his words come out a little muffled.

“Okay, I’ll go slow.” You say, and then move your hands to his hair again with a smirk. “Is this okay?” He grins and nods, and then you finally start moving on top of him and his mind goes completely blank save for any thought that involves *you*.

Keeping your word, you start riding him slowly, and Steve becomes completely unable to form coherent sentences. He can only moan into your mouth while you kiss; he can only whimper and shudder when you pull on his hair and bite his lip; he can only let you do whatever you want to him because he knows he will enjoy it– and if you doubt that he will he knows you’ll ask him beforehand.

“Shit, you feel so good–” He groans just a second before you make him whimper by tightening your inner walls around him. “Please don’t stop.”

“You’re beautiful when you beg, did you know that?” You say breathlessly, smiling before throwing your head back in pleasure.

“I guess I do no–ohh!” Steve moans, gripping your hips a little tighter at the same time you pull on his hair. “Fuck!” You give him a messy, open-mouthed kiss, and he feels like he’s soaring through the skies.

Steve knows very well how good sex can be, but he’s never experienced anything like this before. If he had to put it into words, he’d probably compare it to masturbating and having actual sex– only that right now it feels like every other time he’s had sex it was like masturbating, and being with you is the first time he’s gotten a taste of the real thing.

And what a taste this is.

“Give me your hand.” You suddenly say, grabbing it from your hip and moving it between your legs. “Here.” You say, guiding his thumb to a little nub, and he knows exactly what you want. He starts rubbing it in small circles and your moans increase in volume, which only turns him on even more.

You're both sweating even though it's cold outside, and Steve almost wants to pray for you to be close to coming because he really can't hold himself back much longer– this feels *too good*.

“Oh, fuck, Steve– I'm so close–” You moan just seconds after, and he almost wants to yell his thanks to the heavens. You grab his cheeks and bring his face to yours, kissing him deeply while the movements of your body increase their speed.

You lower down your hands to his shoulders and use them as leverage to ride him even faster and harder, and just a moment something just snaps inside of him and he lets go completely with a scream of your name. You follow him right after, wrapping your arms around him while you ride the waves of your own orgasm.

“Fuck–” You mumble, breathing heavily. “God, that was–”

“It was fucking perfect.” He finishes, wrapping his own arms around your back and kissing your neck. “It was amazing.”

“I'm happy you enjoyed it.” You say with a pleased sigh, kissing his temple before pulling away to climb off of his lap.

Steve takes the condom off and ties the end before moving forward and leaving it in the ashtray to dispose of it later, and then sits back only to find you looking at him with a shit-eating grin.

“What?” He asks, a little unsure– but he can't help but smile too.

“You wanna cuddle?”

When you made your offer to cuddle Steve, this was definitely *not* what you had in mind. You're curled up in the backseat of his car with him behind you trying his best to spoon you in the limited space, but it's *obviously* not working. You didn't think it was going to, but when he told you that he could spoon you if you wanted to you just didn't have it in you to tell him that was probably the worst idea you'd ever heard.

You're thankful that he can't see the faces you're making, because you know the distaste for his choice his written all over them.

“Are you comfortable?” He asks once he’s apparently decided that he *shouldn’t* try to get more comfortable than *this*, and your eyebrows nearly shoot up to your hairline.

You’re most certainly *not* comfortable. This is the worst thing *ever* and your neck already hurts from the awful position you’re trying to keep it on.

“Uhh...” You only manage to say, which is followed by some incoherent noises that offer no actual response.

“You’re not, right?” He asks, lifting his head up so he can look at you. “Oh god–” He says, bursting out laughing. “Your face– you *hate* this!” He unwraps his arm from your waist and you move to sit with your back against the car door while Steve moves to the other side. “Then why did you say you wanted to cuddle?”

“Um, because *I did*? I just didn’t think you were going to try to *spoon me* in the backseat of your car.” You say accusingly, massaging your neck.

“Oh, so that was the problem?” He asks, looking at you curiously. “Did you have *something else* in mind?”

“Well, based on what you just did, I’m not sure you’d enjoy a good idea.” You retort defiantly before crossing your arms, which makes Steve smile.

“*Come on*, you’ll never know if you never try.” You stare at him for a moment before uncrossing your arms with an exaggerated sigh.

“*Alright*.” You say, spreading your legs. Steve’s eyebrows rise up comically at that, and you *have* to laugh at him. “I don’t know what you’re thinking, but it’s *not* that. Come here.” You open your arms for him and he looks at you questioningly for a moment. You roll your eyes. “*Sit between my legs*.”

“*Oh*.” He says, a little taken aback.

“Come on, I don’t bite.” He gives you a disbelieving look and you close your mouth to stop yourself from laughing.

“Yes, *you do*. And kinda hard.” He says, unconsciously touching his bottom lip. “Okay, *fine*.” He crawls towards you until he’s sitting between your legs, and then he slowly moves until his back is pressed against your chest. You barely resist the urge to grin, because *this* is what you were talking about.

The problem is that Steve is as stiff as a board, so the only way you’ll really enjoy this is if you can fix that.

“Come here.” You say, using one hand to grab his face and turn it towards you, and then you kiss him. It’s slow and tender, and his body relaxes so quickly after that that you can’t help but feel incredibly pleased at yourself.

You have your free arm wrapped around his waist and Steve is holding your hand with both of his, tightening or loosening his grip on your fingers depending on the intensity of the kiss. When you finally pull away, his cheeks are flushed deep red and his breathing is labored.

“Wow.” He says, swallowing visibly. “This is– um– it’s better than spooning.” You smile and kiss him again, but only for a second.

“Yeah?” You ask, wrapping your other arm around his waist too. He nods and interlocks his fingers with yours before letting his head fall back against your shoulder.

“Definitely better.” He confirms, smiling softly at you. “Thank you.” He brings one of your hands to his mouth to kiss your knuckles. “For everything. I–” He takes a deep breath. “I’ve never felt like I felt tonight before. With anyone, not even–” He stops himself shakes his head, looking apologetic. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t–”

“You can keep talking about Nancy with me, Steve.” You say honestly, kissing his forehead. “I want you to. I want to help you... help yourself.” He just stares at you with an intense look on his eyes for a moment, and then he turns his head around and hides his face in your neck. That seems to be something he really enjoys doing for some reason, and you don’t mind at all.

“Thank you.” He whispers, kissing where his mouth can reach. You

free one of your hands and bring it to his head, smiling when you start running your fingers through his hair and he lets out a little whimper.

“You’re welcome.”

You know that Steve has a lot of things to figure out and most of them come from the relationship he just got out of, but if you can—and he wants you to— you’ll be glad to be by his side in every step of the way.

Author's Note:

This is my first Steve fic! I wasn't the biggest fan of his character last season, even though I loved his character development from the moment he stops being friends with Carol and Tommy-- but this season he completely stole my heart. I adore him. If you liked this story, please let me know ♥ Comments make me really happy!